Brazilian Soccer Team Balling

By Habu

Pete and I had just finished playing a couple of sets of tennis at the club and had sat down at a big table, courtside, for a beer before showering and leaving. Suddenly, five Latin hunks - all bulging muscles and steamy looks - descended on the court. We'd been told that members of a visiting Brazilian soccer team had signed up for the court after us, and I reasoned that these must be that lot. I could clearly see that they were all beautiful, with tanned bodies and broad pearly white teeth, as two of the hunks took to the court while the other three, after asking politely for permission in charming broken English, took the empty seats at the table Pete and I were sitting at. The three at the table introduced themselves as Filipe, Thieago, and Rafael. They told us the two on the court were the team offensive stars, Gustavo and Raimondo.

I quickly assessed all five and found all five to my liking - no, to my loving. I could already feel my cock stir. Gustavo was the only blond among the lot, and I wondered if he had some German blood in him. Whatever the case, he was just as heavily muscled and hunky as the rest of the lot.

Pete got a little peeved when he said he thought it was time for the two of us to hit the showers and I said I wanted to stay around and watch the Brazilians hit the ball for a while. Neither of the two on the court were all that good at tennis, but they were mighty fine-looking athletes and moved with the grace of dancers. I knew that most of Pete's peeve was because I was warming fast to these Brazilians and I had promised him that he could fuck me after our tennis session. He saw the opportunity fading fast, and, in this, he was quite correct. Pete was a honey, but I literally melted at the thought of these five Brazilian hunks surrounding me.

After he saw he was in a losing battle with the Brazilians, at least for today, Pete stood and leaned down before he left and gave me a possessive kiss on the lips, no doubt in a last-ditch effort to mark his territory. I could tell by the hissing of released breath all around us at the table, however, that his gesture had had the opposite effect. It had sent a strong signal to the Brazilians that I could be approached by any of them who might be interested - and they all started showing their interest as soon as Pete was gone.

Thieago and Filipe, who were sitting on either side of me, moved in closer, while Rafael, who wasn't in reach of me, sent me steamy looks and tried out his limited English in quizzing me about myself. Between trying to watch the somewhat fumbling tennis match and responding to Rafael, I didn't notice for a bit that Filipe was running his fingers lightly along the hair of my forearm and Thieago had a hand gently placed high up on my thigh.

Rafael called out something in Portuguese to Gustavo and Raimundo on the tennis court, and all five Brazlians had a good laugh. For the few moments I was there after that, I noticed that Gustavo and Raimundo were looking more over at the table now than they were at wherever the tennis ball was going.

Filipe had tightened his grip on my forearm and the fingers of his other hand were buried in the hair at the back of my head. Just as he brought my face to his and engaged me in a searching kiss, I felt Thieago's palm cup my basket. He said something like "Yiy, yiy, yiy, and then a run of Portuguese, and all five of the Brazilians were laughing again. Their laughs seemed more guttural now than before, however.

I disengaged from Filipe's kiss, and noticed as I turned to ask Rafael what had been said. Gustavo and Raimundo were no longer hitting the ball back and forth. Now they were plastered to the wire fence just beyond our table, smiling big and licking their lips.

"Oh, Thieago was just saying that it was really hot out here and he really needed to take a shower," Rafael answered me with a big grin. "And we all agreed with him. But we are new here. We don't know where the showers are. Perhaps you could show us?"

The expression on Rafael's face left no doubt why they all wanted to find the showers, and they had turned me on to the point where I was more than ready to take on a whole Brazilean soccer team.

We left Gustavo and Raimundo blowing kisses at us and muttering what had to be very suggestive encouragements as the other three Brazilians hustled me into the men's dressing room, not seemingly at any loss on where it was located.

In the showers, I found all three equally hunky and delightful, and Filipe and Rafael were nicely hung, but Thieago had a veritable monster cock on him. All got hard quite quickly, with Thieago mainly watching, as Rafael sucked my cock under streams of water and Filipe worked my ass, first with his tongue and then with his fingers, and finally with what seemed to be his whole fist. I was well used, so only Thieago's cock gave me pause for any form of trepidation. While Filipe and Rafael were working me over, Thieago stood a bit off, but well in my vision, and entertained me with showing that he could make his cock get longer and longer and thicker and thicker.

When I had shot off, Filipe pushed my torso down with a strong hand and entered me from behind and started stroking me deep, while Rafael pushed his dick into my mouth and face fucked me in rhythm with Filipe's pumping. I thought this was mighty fine, taking it from both ends from two magnificent Brazilean studs. Filipe must have been overwhelmed at this opportunity, because he came quickly and removed his dick and went back to fingering my ass.

When Filipe had a good bit of his hand up my ass, he called out in Portuguese, and I heard a reply that sounded like surprise and delight from the dressing room. Apparently,

Gustavo and Raimundo had decided to change their game from tennis to some kind of other balling. As I worked hard to swallow the semen Rafael was now sending spouting down my throat, the five had a short discussion and I found myself lifted by Filipe and Rafael and delivered to the dressing room.

There I found Gustavo and Raimundo, buck naked, facing each other, in close, and straddling a wooden changing bench. Raimundo had his fist around two docked dicks, which were already hard. They were both long, Gustavo's a little longer than Raimundo's, but both were a little thin.

Filipe and Rafael, one on each side of me, lifted me by a thigh and arm each, with Thieago cupping my butt cheeks, and literally carried me over to the bench.

I started objecting loudly and giving a nervous scream or two as I realized what was going to happen to me. And then Filipe and Rafael inserted me between the facing Gustavo and Raimundo, and lowered my ass onto their docked dicks. I nearly fainted as the two ramrods were forced up inside me. Laughter, moans, groans and Portuguese chatter abounded as Filipe and Rafael raised and lowered my pelvis on double throbbing cocks. Gustavo, who I was facing, had his fingers buried in my pecs, while Raimundo, behind me, had his hands wrapped around my waist and was helping to control the rhythm of the double fucking. I had my head thrust back on Raimundo's chest and was yelling in pain and, yes, I admit it, pleasure at having taken two cocks in loud tones. So as not to raise alarm throughout the club premises, Thieago came up on the bench between Gustavo and me, hunched down a bit, grabbed the back of my head in his hands, and forced my mouth onto his gigantic cock. I did what I could to envelop his cock, but he was so long and thick that I could get less than half of it in my mouth. Some semblance of calm eventually came to the scene, which now was dominated by grunting, groaning, moaning, and sighing times six. Gustavo took my cock in his hand and treated it like the joy stick on his favorite sports car and was rewarded with three spurts of cum that were almost simultaneously coordinated with Gustavo's and Raimundo's ejaculations.

So, I had said I would take on the whole Brazilean soccer team, and this was what that was like. I must admit that it was more than a bit all right with me - certainly better than whatever Pete had planned for me this afternoon.

When most of us with cocks in play - Thieago still holding his shootoff - had cum with great shouts of abandon and release, the various hands and cocks that were handling me disappeared. I collapsed, belly down, on the bench, and I heard happy chattering decreasing in volume as the Brazilian soccer team hit the showers, another stunning victory under its collective belts. Well, most of the team that is. When I was able to lift my weary head and chest from the surface of the bench, I saw that the giant Thieago was still there, giving me the eye, waving that monster cock at me.

With a big grin, he turned me on the back of the bench, spread my legs with strong arms and worked that huge cock inside my now-gaping asshole. With just one cock, he was stretching me more than Gustavo's and Raimundo's two cocks had been able to manage. I

stretched my arms down and back and held tightly onto the legs of the bench as Thieago rode me hard, long, and deep - and to our great mutual satisfaction. I had no questions as to who the captain of this soccer squad was.